

No. 4350A. 157



BROOKS MEMORIAL.

COMMUNICATIONS

ON THE DEATH OF

CHARLES T. BROOKS,

OF NEWPORT, R. I.

BY

E. B. WILLSON, C. W. WENDTE, R. S. RANTOUL
AND W. P. ANDREWS.

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Read at meetings of the Essex Institute, June 18, and Dec. 17, 1883.

[FROM HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF THE ESSEX INSTITUTE, VOL. XXI
AND BULLETIN VOL. XV.]

67249

SALEM, MASS.

PRINTED FOR THE ESSEX INSTITUTE.

1884.



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MEMORIAL
OF
CHARLES T. BROOKS.

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD,
BY E. B. WILLSON.

NEVER was there a full river beautiful between its banks, and made serviceable to men by the carriage to and fro of themselves and their goods, that they did not at length go searching for its source and explore its course. In the same way it happens that when a man, living forty-six years by the sea at Newport, R. I., becomes as preacher, scholar, poet, writer, man of rare and memorable qualities, beautiful and strong, an object of admiring regard to many, inquirers come at length to our Salem streets asking the elders: where did this life begin, and how?

Up about the region where the stream starts and is small, and the observers are few, it attracts but little notice: it may even be in dispute which are the chief tributaries. Not much in themselves, except to a few farmers whose lands they beautify and irrigate, it is only when they acquire importance as the headwaters of the deep and broad flowing stream below, that they are traced and mapped with painstaking attention.

It not being known yet, or even clearly knowable, that the Salem boy is the beginning of the Newport man that is to be, his childhood and boyhood pass here without special notice in their unfolding and events, except as now and then one, teacher or fellow-student it may be, having occasion or opportunity for closer observation than the rest, sees a promise, not of just that which will come later, but of *something* not of the commonplace to be waited for and expected, if this life shall reach an autumn ripening.

It was at the summer solstice, when the days were longest and the nights at their minimum, that a child of light was born to Timothy and Mary King (Mason) Brooks : June 20, 1813.

It was Sunday, moreover, and the sound of the church bells and of the carol of birds was in the air. If nature had a day in her calendar for that year, select and celestial, it should have been this ; a day for a poet to be born ; for even a "babe of paradise" not to feel astray or lonesome looking its first upon this warm, fair, leafy and flowering earth.

The house now numbered seventy-seven in Bridge street, northern corner of Arabella street, was the birth-place of Charles Timothy Brooks.

For fifteen years he remained under his father's roof, from the summer of 1813 to that of 1828, though the family home was not long in the Bridge street house. Among the earliest things we learn of him, outside the home, is that he was a pupil in the private school taught by his maternal aunt, Miss Abigail Mason, with whom in after years he long maintained a bright correspondence, she being then engaged in teaching in Virginia and looking to him for news from the New England home and friends.

A little picture of him inserts itself here, since it must belong to about this time of his infant-school days. Though

drawn in three or four touches, it brings him vividly before us. It has its setting in the reminiscences of a friend perhaps a little older than himself, the Rev. S. P. Hill of Washington, D. C., who found in the death of Mr. Brooks, in June last, the occasion for relating this incident.

"My recollections of him commence at a very early age. The first time I ever saw him was when he was a mere child and I could have been but a little older, yet he made an impression upon me that I have never lost. His ruddy, baby, cheerful face, his evidently bright precocity struck me forcibly. It was on a serene evening, we happened to pass each other on Derby's wharf, he having hold of his father's hand, and passing at the time an anchor thrown upon the wharf;—his father asked him to spell it, which he did very readily and correctly. This, for his early age, seemed to me the proof of advanced elementary learning, and pledge of future scholarship."

In a letter written in 1839, to a brother just arrived home from a voyage, and who had inquired after his family, Mr. Brooks gives us perhaps a still earlier glimpse of himself in which we catch a manifest likeness to the bonny child to whom we were introduced on Derby wharf. "I have a fine little fellow of a sonny. I think he will learn as early as his father did. You know I used to come down in my night-gown and say the multiplication table and read the newspaper to the folks when I was four years old. I don't say it to boast, because I think I've made a slim progress considering my early promise."

This descent from the bedroom in night apparel brings to mind another incident related of his small boyhood which, though not bearing immediately upon his early taste for letters, shows other traits, not so remote as might at first appear from those which gave him success in the lit-

erary labors of his manhood : persistency, method, thorough attention to the last details. He had wet his feet during the day, playing and attending school, and coming in at evening, his mother, after taking off his shoes and changing his stockings, hung the wet stockings to dry by the kitchen fire in the basement. At bedtime they were not quite dry and he was reluctant to go up to his chamber in the third story without them ; but on his mother promising to take them to his room when she should go up stairs for the night, he consented to leave them behind. In the middle of the night, when the household was buried in sleep and silence, Charles awoke, put his hand out of bed to ascertain if the stockings were in their accustomed place, and finding that they were not, rose at once, proceeded to the lowest story, down three flights of stairs, brought up the stockings, and having deposited them just where they belonged returned to bed and to sleep.

It was probably after his attendance at Miss Mason's school, though it may have been before, that he went for a time to a public school taught by Miss Mercy Ropes, afterwards, by marriage, Mrs. Joseph Webb, this school occupying a site at about the present 94 Essex St., a little to the west of the Phillips School ground : possibly with an entrance from Bath street, as well as from Essex street.

The next school which Charles Brooks attended is believed to have been a private school kept by Hervey Brown, on what was then Bath street, has since been Forrester street, and is now Washington Square, nearly on the site of the present Phillips school, possibly a little to the east.

In 1824, at the age of eleven years, he entered the Latin Grammar school of which Theodore Ames was the principal and Henry K. Oliver the usher.

In this school he completed his preparation for college,

entering at Harvard in 1828. One of his classmates in the Latin School, soon after they joined the school and were coming to know and measure each other, is said to have carried home the report, which he delivered with due emphasis, that they had a boy at their school who had a head.

This appears to have been the unanimous voice among his school-fellows, and endorsed by his teachers. At the same time it is finely apparent that these honors were borne so modestly, if not unconsciously, as to awaken no envious feeling in any ; on the contrary, the youthful leader seems to have been a favorite with all, and to have drawn to himself only admiration and confidence.

"One of the most pleasing memories of my schooldays" writes one of his class, in the *Christian Register* "is that of a group of boys of the lower forms of the Latin School (myself among them) clustered round the desk of Charlie Brooks before the opening of the school, asking of him a solution of our difficulties in translating and scanning Latin verse, in which we were then novices. I well remember his bright and cheery look, the rosy spots in his cheeks, and the ready, willing way in which he solved our difficulties, some of which were the result of obtuseness, and others of laziness. But it made no difference to him : he helped us all the same, with no sign of impatience.

"We regarded him as the particular bright scholar of his class. He was the only one whose aid was thus sought, and I think of no other by whom it would have been so cheerfully given.

"I doubt if the trait so lovingly named by Mr. Wendte as a prominent virtue of his life, 'self-denial,' living for others rather than himself, was ever more beautifully shown than in his willingness as a schoolboy to help others who were less advanced than himself, under importunities that at times must have tried his patience and good-nature."

To the same effect runs the testimony of his teacher and friend, the veteran schoolmaster, Henry K. Oliver, still wearing his laurels green among us at the age of eighty-three years.

"My love for him was a love at first sight," says Gen. Oliver, "when about the year 1824 he entered the school, a lad of some dozen years of age. I most distinctly remember his slight figure, his calm and attractive face, and his quiet and gentle way and manner. The boy was father to the man, and we became— what is too infrequent between teacher and scholar— intimate friends, our friendship enduring through life.

"He was literally a faultless boy, winning the love and affection of masters and associates without effort, by the mere unaffected action of his inborn nature and disposition. Never was even mildest reproof, by either word, or look, or hint, called out by him, and yet he was active, lively, and of constant, unvarying good humor, playful with his mates in playtime, and earnest and studious in studytime. So native to him was it to be and to do right, that he was right and did right unconsciously, without effort, at all times and under all circumstances, his innate ingenuousness banishing all affectation."

It is easy to see why Charles Brooks should be esteemed by his teachers the ideal schoolboy; they had only to teach him; a task which ceased to be a task, as his eager pursuit of knowledge stimulated their minds, and rewarded with quick apprehension their labors of instruction.

At the end of his first year in the Latin School, he took the first prize awarded to a member of the fourth class, which was a copy of Valerius Maximus presented with appropriate complimentary speech by the Hon. John Pickering, the Chairman of the School Committee.

An incident deserves mention here which shows how

great was his eagerness in learning; it is not certain to what age of the boy it should be referred, nor what school he was attending at the time. It was probably before the Latin School period. In running over some shingles which had been torn off a roof and lay on the ground, he stepped on one of the rusty nails, point up, and ran it into his foot. It was a pretty serious wound. He limped home and had it treated there with proper attention. This was between the morning and afternoon school-sessions. His attendance at school in the afternoon seemed out of the question, and such was the parental decision. But the boy could not see it in that light at all. And so urgent was his remonstrance, and so persuasive his insistence that he *must* go to school, and *could n't* stay at home, that his father finally yielded, got a chaise and took him to school.

It must not be supposed that Charles Brooks was an absent-minded, plodding bookworm, at this period, or indeed at any period of his life. His enjoyment up to the end of his life of games, and of children's company, and his hearty sympathy, and often ingenious assistance in their amusements, and his constant play of humor, his overflow of witty rhyme, his keen appreciation of bright and racy repartee in conversation, saved him easily from the suspicion of having skipped his proper childhood sportiveness in its season, or of having sacrificed the frolicsomeness of youth to his fondness for books.

No doubt his tastes led him to prefer for the most part the finer sports of intellectual play to the more boisterous and physical feats in which the athletic take delight. His organization was sensitive and fine. But it was not an unhealthful *over*-finesness, or reserve from out-door activity. His love of nature was strong. He liked the open air best. A walk between Cambridge and Salem, after he went to College and the Divinity school, was no rare event.

Under date of Nov. 9 (probably 1832 to 1835) he writes to his sister from Cambridge: "What a fine frosty morning. I should like such a one when I walk to Salem, for if the weather is good, and *I do not come down by water*, I shall certainly come on foot."

He was not unfamiliar with the fishing line, a habit formed in youth. If not an active participant or leader in some of the rougher encounters which marshalled the up-town and the down-town boys in sectional battle, or a soldier in the ranks, when in the less hostile array of the sham fight opposing lines rushed to the shock, he was at least an interested looker-on at the strife. In a letter written at the age of nineteen, after having had a visit from his mother and a friend, whose departure had left him feeling somewhat low in spirits, he says: "It was a leisure day, and I had only to watch the fire and think of the music and sham-fights of schoolboy days," showing that a robust and healthy military ardor had burned in his boyish breast in its season.

One circumstance which has made it more difficult to collect *memorabilia* of Mr. Brooks is that he talked so little about himself. Nothing delighted him more than to revive the recollections of former times, to touch upon the peculiarities — picturesque or grotesque as the case might be — of the old-time notabilities of the town, to give the old and now-forgotten names to the streets and alleys, designating by their descriptive and current titles, as known sixty years ago, both the haunts and quarters within the town limits, and those on the bordering common lands and neighboring waters outside. He took you through "Plank Alley," and not Elm street, or advised you to shun "Knockers' Hole," not the basin about the foot of Creek and High streets, and the neighboring Mill street. You found yourself unexpectedly walking with him in "Fish street," when

you thought it was upper Derby street. And you were equally surprised to find that he knew no Charter street between Liberty street and "Plank Alley" (where now it is all Charter street), but mysteriously referred you to "Vine street," of which you never heard before, but in which was for many years the home of the Brooks family. But when you came to think of it he had not told you in what house he was born, who were his intimates when he went a-fishing or to school, or related any incident or scene of which he was the central figure and the hero. He had interested you in the history of many another, but had talked so little, or so not at all of himself, that when you wanted to know the particulars of his own history, you must collect them from other sources as you could hunt them down, not from his own report. And all this is the more noteworthy because of the minute allusions, warm local coloring, and abounding recurrences to his home life and its people, which appear in the letters of his later life; because also of the incidental but numerous indications to be met with of the enduring strength and depth of his early admirations and friendships, and of the constant proofs of his preference for the private, domestic and personal relations, over all which brought public mention and challenged general observation. From this it would not be unnatural to expect more frequent allusions than we found in his conversation to himself as an actor amid the scenes, objects and personalities with which he seemed ever consciously surrounded as often as memory went backward to his boyhood's days.

A few of you may remember with what a subdued fervor he uttered some of those lines with which, under the modest title of "Rhymed Reminiscences" he graced the Centennial festival of the North Church, thirteen or fourteen years ago, some playful but all charged with genuine

feeling,—pictures, many of them, of childhood's never fading visions; as this, for example, hinting at his early openness and welcome for the lights of the sky.

“How oft my heart leaped up with mute delight,
When, as a boy, I journeyed home at night,
To see, while trees and lights behind us fled,
The moon and stars ride with us overhead.
So with the things of time—like dreams they glide—
The eternal things are ever at our side.”

He pronounced a tender “Benedicite,” you may remember, as he drew to a close, upon his native city,

“City of Peace! of Pilgrim memory,
Sweet home and sacred shrine, old Salem town!”

.

“No words could ever give fit thanks to thee,
For all that thou has given and been to me!
A child's warm blessing on thy fields and skies,
Thy rocky pastures dear to childhood's eyes,
Thy fresh blue waters and fair islands green,
Of many a youthful sport the favorite scene,
North Fields and South Fields—Castle Hill—Dark Lane,
And Paradise, where memory leads the train
Of her transfigured dead, whose relics lie
At rest where living waters murmur by.”

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“A blessing, last of all, on thee, old North!
From thee may Peace and Love and Light stream forth!
May Learning and Religion, Grace and Truth,
Shed here the glory of perennial youth!
May Faith and Freedom here join hand in hand
To lead thy children to the promised land!
Dear city of our fathers! may their God
Still guide and comfort with the staff and rod,
And in the cloud and fire lead onward still
Our faltering footsteps up the heavenly hill!”

I have not thought it necessary to leave out these lines which specialize his fondness for the church of his fathers. Nay, we fitly and inevitably arrive here at last in taking account of the environment and influences which surrounded and moulded his boyhood and youth. No reminiscences of his childhood had a deeper hold. All that be-

longs to the church scenery made a lasting impression on his imagination. The venerable figure of Dr. Holyoke, the centenarian, standing in the pulpit by the minister's side through the delivery of the sermon, on account of his deafness, the placing of the many notable persons whom he saw in that congregation as they were to be seen, say, during the pastorate of Dr. Brazer, in the old first-built meeting-house, the reverential not to say awful investiture of sanctity with which an imaginative child saw all the offices of religion clothed, and with which mingled so much that was quaint and eccentric in the individual manners and habits, looks and bearing of many of those marked and independent old worthies, for which Salem was distinguished fifty or sixty years ago—these things all could not have failed to hold the attention and stamp the character of a sensitive child; and they may be taken as certified and important among the factors which gave to Charles Brooks' mind, even in early childhood, a direction towards the profession so easily selected when he reached the responsibilities of young manhood. Born before the close of the ministry of Dr. Barnard, the first minister of the church; baptized by Mr. Abbot, its youthful saint; listening with his quick intelligence, at the most susceptible period of life, that is from the age of eight years to that of fifteen, and frequently after, on his vacation and other visits home from College, to Rev. John Brazer, one of the most scholarly and able of the men who have maintained the reputation of the Salem pulpit in the past, and who was even more distinguished for carrying truth home to conviction, by close and direct address to the conscience, than for accurate learning and logical argumentation, acknowledged as was his high ability in these forms of power, Charles Brooks breathed from his earliest childhood the atmosphere, not only of Salem's best literary and scientific culture, but of its deepest religious life.

We have thus sought, and I think found, some of the most controlling of the outward circumstances and forming influences, which had most to do with giving him in early life the direction and training of which his after years showed the influence, and leading him to the fields of industry which he chose for his lifework.

The one other, main and joint factor in his making up, parallel to this of environment, blending with it always, and always to be taken into account as exerting at least an equally determining power in bringing about the result, viz., that of inheritance, is yet too obscure, hidden and unmeasurable to be traced with any considerable particularity and certainty, at least at this time and by me. There are manifest traits, though not conspicuous, in some of the ancestral lines by which his being was fed, of the poetic and artistic temperament and artistic faculty, which characterized him. The refining sense of beauty, the responsive religiousness and reverence of mind, and the solid moral qualities in him, were not such as argued importation by culture altogether, or grafting from a foreign stock. They were qualities which sprang out into visibility with that firmness of junction to the central trunk, and that grace of form and development, which proved the beauty, the strength and the fineness to be from the germ and inborn.

The inborn, the self-made, the well-taught, of which we speak so fluently and knowingly, often, in treating of the formation of character, — and not without sense or reason either, — yet, who has the eye keen enough to see these in distinction and apart, or the dissecting blade thin enough to separate them and place them before us as two or three, and not one?

In our friend, we find them joined in a most lovable unity, in which, God-ordained, we love best to see and leave them.

HIS LIFE AT NEWPORT.

BY REV. CHARLES W. WENDTE.¹

MR. WENDTE began his paper by narrating briefly the circumstances which led to the formation of the Unitarian Society in Newport, R. I., Dr. Channing's birthplace and summer home. Continuing, he said:—

Having organized a church and secured for it a permanent place of worship, their next step was to settle a minister. Among those who came to occupy their pulpit was a young man, a native of Salem, Mass., and recent graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School, Charles Timothy Brooks. He is described by those who affectionately remember his first appearance among them, as singularly attractive and winning, slender, with delicate features and a flush of color in his cheeks which never deserted them even in his age, making him look, as one had said, "like a Pre-Raphaelite Saint." The simplicity and sweetness of his disposition, the pleasant, kindly humor which irradiated his conversation, the sincere piety and literary finish of his Sunday discourses so charmed his hearers that a unanimous invitation was extended him to become the pastor of the society. The invitation was accepted, and on the first of January, 1837, Mr. Brooks entered upon that ministerial relation which during the thirty-five years of its continuance so abounded in labors for truth, virtue and piety, and proved such a blessing for the parish and the larger community. His ordination did not take place until the fourteenth of June ensuing, when Dr. Brazer of Salem, the

¹ Minister of the Channing Memorial Church, Newport, R. I.

pastor of his youth, preached the sermon and Dr. Channing gave the charge.

The field to which the young preacher had been called was a trying and difficult one. He was the representative and exponent of a new and unpopular gospel in a community generally opposed to liberalism in any form. It is a beautiful testimony to his wise and reconciling ministry that in the course of time he overcame in a large degree this conservative prejudice and sectarian animosity. He held the most amicable personal relations with the other churches and exchanged pulpits with Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian ministers. They might not love his doctrines but they could not help loving him, and paying this tribute to his pure, gentle and self-sacrificing life. For twenty years he also rendered the community admirable service as a member of its school-board. His ministry was cast during those exciting and trying periods, the great temperance awakening and its violent reaction and relapse, the Dorr rebellion, the antislavery movement and the civil war. In all these he bore firm though gentle testimony, for the right, as God gave him to see the right. His well-known antislavery sentiments awakened at times much displeasure in his parish. At the close of a sermon in which he had spoken his mind on this subject, an influential parishioner said to him, "I have felt for some time that you must go, but now I am sure of it!"

"Sir," firmly replied the quiet, gentle preacher, "I have my hat in my hand." To harmonize the heterogeneous ecclesiastical elements which composed the newly-formed society proved a difficult task, which only his peace-loving and unselfish nature could have accomplished. His parish duties occupied his best thought and care. It seems to have been believed most devoutly in that day that "faith comes by hearing," for the minister was required to hold two, and

in winter three services on Sunday. He also conducted the weekly conference meeting and the Sunday Bible class ; as a pastor went about from house to house visiting, comforting and inspiring his parishioners, and officiated at all glad and sad occasions in their lives. When one considers all these onerous and exacting labors, it is surprising that a man of such slender frame and always delicate health should have accomplished so much outside his parish, especially in the walks of general literature. But it is by invalids and not by well men at all that the world's work is done in all ages.

Mr. Brooks was tirelessly industrious, without ever seeming to be pressed with work. He produced, during those thirty-five years, 1350 sermons, besides a great number of lectures, giving two or three courses on doctrine, eighty lectures on church history, thirty-six of them being devoted to Martin Luther and the Reformation. As I recall him in the pulpit and judge him by his printed volume of sermons, "The Simplicity of Christ," his discourse was characterized by simplicity and clearness, a gentle earnestness that persuaded rather than convicted his hearers, and a serene and tender piety, which at times would rise to fervent assurance or deepen into holy awe. His style of writing was felicitous in diction, imaginative, poetic, with great wealth of illustration drawn from the beauty and glory of the natural world, and all suffused with the graciousness and devoutness of his own amiable and saintly character. Had his voice and delivery of his sermons been equal to their matter, he would have been accounted one of the foremost preachers in the denomination to which he belonged. As it was, his appearance in its principal pulpits was always most welcome, and he did not lack in proposals to occupy larger spheres of ministerial activity.

In 1837, Mr. Brooks married Harriet Lyman Hazard, the daughter of an eminent lawyer and legislator of Newport. In her he secured a devoted helpmeet and house-keeper, and that practical element, which, it must be admitted, was greatly wanting in his unworldly nature. The increase of his family, and permanent invalidism of one of his children, made his slender salary sadly insufficient for his growing domestic needs. This, as well as his natural inclination, made him turn to literary work and especially to translating from the German, to which language and literature he had been introduced by Dr. Follen during his years of study at the Cambridge Divinity School.

The inevitable consequence of these severe and unremitting labors, for a frail and delicate physique like his, was to break him down at intervals, and compel him to seek a release from instant duty and a more genial climate in which to recuperate his exhausted energies. The winter of 1842-43 was passed in Mobile, preaching to the Unitarian Society there, an experience which was repeated in the winter of 1851-52. His ailments increasing, it was thought best for him to undertake a long sea voyage, and accordingly he set out in 1853 in a friend's ship for Calcutta. The journey lasted eleven months in all, only a small part of which was passed on *terra firma*. His ready pen utilized even this short stay, as several articles published in Harpers' Monthly on his return attest. In 1865-66, Mr. Brooks attained one darling wish of his heart and visited Europe, spending his time principally in Italy, of which he gave an interesting account in his Roman lectures on his return to Newport. He made the acquaintance of many eminent persons while abroad, among others of Thomas Carlyle.

Mr. Brooks' Newport life brought him not only toil and care but much that was enjoyable and profitable. He

greatly delighted in the charming scenery and romantic associations of his adopted city. Hardly a beautiful feature in its landscape or interesting incident in its history which his graceful and melodious verse has not commemorated. Here was the congregation of friends and fellow-worshippers who looked up to him as their inspirer and guide, and whose confidence and affection he returned with that unstinted love which was a necessity to his unselfish nature. Always too, Newport has been the chosen home of a little circle of cultivated and literary persons in whose intercourse Mr. Brooks took particular pleasure and who counted him among the chief attractions which the town possessed for them. Every summer, too, witnessed the incoming of a large number of wealthy, cultivated and socially distinguished families from the principal American cities, among whom Mr. Brooks formed most delightful acquaintance and friendship. Some of the brightest hours of his life were those spent in visiting the winter homes of these parishioners and friends. But there was no place to which he returned so often or so fondly, or in whose local associations and fortunes he took so warm an interest, as his own dear native city of Salem. His genial muse has embalmed many of the traditions and incidents of its civic and social life. Looking over his manuscripts and papers recently I found one portfolio entirely devoted to memoranda in print and script concerning Salem.

Of certain qualities which distinguished Mr. Brooks as a writer and man of literature I have already spoken. They will be found to characterize also the numerous papers, essays, book-notices, and communications which he furnished to the reviews and periodical press of his day, and especially to the *North American Review*, *Christian Examiner*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Christian Register*, *Boston Transcript* and the *Newport* and *Salem newspapers*. It was however

as a poet, gifted by nature with a facile and graceful muse, that Mr. Brooks was best known. He was not one of the few brightest stars in the galaxy of American singers, but shining with a mild and genial ray became from choice as well as disposition the poet of the home life of his friends, contributing the wealth of his sympathetic imagination, and the lyric sweetness of his verse to voice their joy or lift their sorrow. Mr. Brooks was essentially a literary man in his tastes and aspirations. Literature was his favorite occupation, his solace and delight. When suffering from his ofttime infirmities or oppressed with private or public cares, he would retire into the quiet of his study and there woo the gentle muse of song or plunge into the intricacies of a Jean Paul or Rückert and soon be entirely oblivious of the trials and woes of his earthly lot. His productivity was amazing. Literary and theological essays, reviews, historical monographs, odes and hymns for religious, patriotic and festive occasions, drolleries, children's books, translations from the masterpieces of foreign literature, both in prose and rhyme, occasional poems and *jeu d'esprit* flowed from his busy pen in an uninterrupted stream. This unlimited activity could not but affect unfavorably the quality of his literary work. With less facility in writing and more painstaking revision he would have produced more work of solid and enduring character. But much of his literary labor was thus ephemeral from stern necessity rather than from choice, while its general average was certainly creditable to his head and heart.

It was as a translator from other languages that Mr. Brooks was most widely known and esteemed in literary circles and rendered most admirable service to American letters. I say advisedly American letters, for Mr. Brooks himself tells us in a felicitous couplet translated from the German, which I find among his papers :

“ He who with ardent, patient thought
Through the best years of life has wrought
To shape into his mother-tongue
What best in others, bards have sung,
Has he not thus, I pray you, shown
He still loves best of all his own?”

The qualities which distinguished Mr. Brooks as a translator were his rare knowledge of the German language and literature, great practice in composition, a cultivated gift of expression and a warm poetical sympathy. His first considerable undertaking was the *Faust* of Goethe, in which his gifts as a translator were strikingly displayed. It was not a successful work either in the financial returns or the direct reputation it brought him, but it was a notable contribution to American scholarship and won the appreciation of the select few. His faculty and facility as a translator were perhaps best displayed in his English renderings of the principal works of Jean Paul Richter, one of the most obscure and involved of writers. If we may accept the dictum that a translator should be equal in spirit to him whom he seeks to reproduce, then the great German was certainly fortunate in his interpreter. Mr. Brooks himself possessed many of the qualities of the author he so much admired; the lively fancy, romantic imagination and tender sentiment, the grotesque humor and moral enthusiasm which are displayed in the *Titan*, *Hesperus*, *Invisible Lodge*, *Selina*, *History of Fibel*, and other works of Jean Paul which Mr. Brooks translated and some of which remain still in manuscript. These performances drew forth a most appreciative letter to him from Thomas Carlyle, himself an admirer and translator of Jean Paul.

Productions of a lighter character were his versions of Scheffel's *Layman's Breviary*, and the *World Priest*, works of moral edification and practical piety. Mention should also be made here of the great number of single poems,

odes, lyrics, ballads, hymns and humoresques, which he rendered into English, and some of which he afterwards gathered into books. I suspect Mr. Brooks' name as a translator will be perpetuated by these fugitive productions even more than by his more elaborate undertakings. The closing and most ambitious work of his literary life was his version of Rückert's *Wisdom of the Brahmin*, of which only the first volume has been published, the remaining two being still in manuscript. This extremely difficult task he performed surprisingly well. The mystical and transcendental meanings, the involved and intricate idioms, the numberless plays on words and conceits of style which belong to the original are reproduced with matchless fidelity and skill. Had this version been published a quarter of a century since, or still earlier, when the transcendental philosophy was uppermost in New England, it could not have failed to make a profound impression. As it is, a lessened sympathy with its intellectual standpoint and the appearance of more popular presentations of the thought and poetry of the Orient, like Edwin Arnold's "*Light of Asia*," have prevented Rückert's great poem from arriving at any large acceptance among us. Perhaps its day is yet to come, and that the publication of the remaining volumes will then be called for. In any case it is pleasant to reflect that the closing literary labors of our friend should have produced the noblest intellectual fruit of his life.

These unceasing and arduous labors, often protracted late into the night, added to his parochial duties, proved too much for his strength. His eyesight began to fail him; soon he was entirely blind. He became a patient at the Carney Hospital in Boston, where the patience and sweetness with which he bore his misfortunes and the painful operation which later became necessary, won the hearts of physicians and nurses and charmed everybody. He returned

to Newport after some months with the partial sight of one of his eyes. In 1871 he reluctantly gave up his parish duties, his resignation as pastor being as reluctantly accepted. The bequest of a noble and generous friend, supplemented with the gifts of other friends and admirers, made it possible for him who had done so much to make other people's lives happy to spend his remaining years free from worldly cares in a contented and beautiful old age. Would that I could paint those years ! The beloved centre of a comfortable and beautiful home, surrounded with dutiful and affectionate children and grandchildren, and enjoying the companionship and care of his wife ; his days were passed in " the still air of delightful studies " and occupied with " happy idle labors " which gave him congenial employment and great content. His occasional visits to the homes of his friends, especially his annual visit to Salem, brought a pleasant variety into his life. On the streets of Newport, at the sessions of the Town and Country Club and the Redwood Library directors—he was a vice president of both these institutions—and at church his was a familiar and beloved presence. One more duty was laid upon him, and one in which his soul delighted ; to participate in the celebration with which in 1880, the one-hundredth anniversary of Dr. W. E. Channing's birth was observed. He prepared and published a brief memoir of Dr. Channing, containing also his personal recollections of that remarkable man, whose friendship he had enjoyed in his early years. His poem read at the Channing anniversary meeting is perhaps the finest of his productions in verse.

It was decided to build a Channing Memorial Church in Newport, his birthplace. With enthusiasm Mr. Brooks seconded the plans of his successor in the pastorate of the Unitarian Church. By personal appeals, by correspond-

ence and in other ways he contributed largely to the enterprise. From day to day he watched the building of the new edifice. When at last it was completed and the beautiful structure was crowded with a grateful congregation and dedicated with imposing services to the ideals and uses of liberal Christianity, how it increased the thankfulness and joy of the people to behold among them this venerable and saintly man, whose thirty-five years of faithful ministry had made possible this hour of triumph and congratulation, and to whom the Channing Memorial Church will ever remain a monument, as truly as to the great man whose name is graven on its fore-front.

He was not long to survive this crowning event in his career. The writer of this paper, who had known and revered Mr. Brooks since childhood, came to Newport as the new pastor of the church, and for barely a year was permitted to hold delightful intercourse with him. His last literary work was to correct the proofs of his translation of Richter's *Invisible Lodge*. Alas, for us! the gates of the *Invisible Lodge* above were already opening to receive him into higher realms of sight and service. The church and Sunday School had arranged to celebrate his seventieth birthday on the 14th of June, 1883. But it was not to be. What proved his last illness supervened. During these last days his thoughts often turned to Salem and the promised and approaching visit of the Essex Institute to Newport. With little suffering or struggle he gently passed away on the 10th of June, 1883, and his pure and amiable spirit ascended to those mansions of light to which he had so often in discourse and verse pointed the hopes of his sorrowing friends.

The vast concourse of grief-stricken people which attended his funeral service in the Channing Memorial

Church on the following Sunday, the tributes of love there spoken and read, the profound sorrow of the whole community were fitting tributes to the life and character of our friend. It is the simple truth to say that no man ever lived in Newport who was so universally esteemed and loved as Charles T. Brooks. This was owing to his child-like, unselfish, humble and amiable character, the almost unclouded cheerfulness of his disposition and discourse, and to his numberless benefactions and charities.

A memorial tablet is soon to be placed in the church in reverent recollection of its former pastor. But his unspotted, gentle, useful and devout life needs no commemorative marble to keep it fresh and beautiful in the grateful, affectionate hearts of his parishioners and townspeople.

Aquidneck, "the Isle of Peace," joins with Salem, the City of Peace in treasuring the memory of this apostolic man, this true disciple of the Prince of Peace.

LETTER FROM W. P. ANDREWS, READ AT A MEETING OF
THE ESSEX INSTITUTE, MONDAY JUNE, 1883.¹

DEAR DR. WHEATLAND,

It is a matter of sincere regret to me that I cannot be personally present with you on Monday evening, to render what little tribute I may to the worth of our dear friend, Mr. Brooks ; and I beg you or Mr. Willson will kindly add my word to what may be said on that occasion.

"Half Lamb, half Cowper," Mr. Silsbee has most happily called our friend, and the thought is a picture of his blended wit and simple goodness.

Simplicity, and goodness itself were personified in his gentle, unobtrusive life ; and as he lately read his tribute to Mr. Story in your hall, many of us must have been struck with the applicability of his poetic praise of Mr. Story's worth to his own. His appearance, his manner and matter on that occasion, must remain forever memorable to those who were fortunate enough to hear him.

The man himself was always a delightful poem, of which his fluent, tender verse hardly gives us a full report. None the less he lived in an atmosphere of poetry which, flowing spontaneously from his mind and pen, brightened and uplifted many sorrowing hearts, and adorned many a serious or gay assemblage.

It seems to me his greatest success in literature, however, was in his most difficult undertaking, the then untried rendering of the German masterpiece into English, in its original metres. Only those who have attempted that task, or

¹ See Bulletin vol. XV.

carefully compared the leading translations word by word with the German text, can appreciate the difficulty of that accomplishment, or the remarkable success with which our poet has met it. However much the loudly-blown trumpet of praise may exaggerate the merits of another version of Goethe's *Faust* that owes a deep and yet unacknowledged obligation to Mr. Brooks' work ; the fact remains that our friend's work has never been equalled by any published translation, in fidelity to the letter, or to the feeling of the original—a fact the leading journals have lately noticed, and which was admirably stated some years since in a formal article on the subject contributed to the "New Englander."

But while it is our duty to record here the debt under which Mr. Brooks' faithful and loving labors in this, and many another admirable translation, have placed the literatures of the two great Teuton families, we must with mournful hearts acknowledge the personal obligation we all feel in recalling his gracious life of varied usefulness and beauty.

The charm of perpetual youth that surrounded his simple, unpretentious spirit ; the warm appreciation of his friends, and ready word of kindly sympathy and encouragement ; the delight of his cordial manner, and mellow flavor of his mingled wit and wisdom, made his annual return, to these his native haunts, always a memorable pleasure to all of us.

He was indeed a MAN, whose like we may not look upon again.

I am, my dear sir, sincerely yours,
WM. P. ANDREWS.

REMARKS OF ROBERT S. RANTOUL, AT A MEETING OF
THE ESSEX INSTITUTE, MONDAY, JUNE 1883.¹

IN the death of Charles T. Brooks we have lost another of those sons of Essex County who have made a place for themselves in American letters. I never heard Mr. Brooks preach, and my estimate of his mental qualities is made up from sources quite apart from his efforts in the pulpit. I know him, as most of us have known him, through his occasional verses, through his translations, through his sunny face and his cordial greeting. He was successful as a translator. He had that fineness of appreciation,—delicacy of touch and fibre,—faculty for giving himself over without reserve to his author, a sort of literary self-renunciation, self-surrender, which is to my mind the *sine qua non*, the beginning and end of successful effort to fairly interpret and render in good faith the spirit of another's work.

He had also the drollery, the love of the grotesque, the quiet, humorous enjoyment of the extravagant vagaries of German wit, of that sly fun that so pervades home life and street life in Germany, which made it easy for him to transfer that peculiar atmosphere to his American reprint. His "Max and Maurice," for instance, is, of its kind, inimitable. No one is too old, no one is too young, to laugh over it. But he was equally fortunate in his more serious efforts in German translation. I will not enumerate these works nor characterize them. The death of Freiligrath, the great revolutionary, democratic, people's poet of modern Germany,—the Burns, the Whittier, of the Teu-

¹ See Bulletin vol. XV.

ton race, occurred while I was at Stuttgart, where he had been residing, and when the first anniversary of it came about, I was still at Stuttgart. In Southern Germany the custom is to celebrate the day of the death rather than of the birth of those to whom the world owes something, and this first anniversary of Freiligrath's death was noticed by the English and American residents of Stuttgart with memorial exercises in which many Germans, who understood English, united with the English-speaking admirers of the poet. He had lived much in England, had purposed emigrating to America whither he had already sent forward a pioneer in the person of his son, and was well acquainted with Longfellow (whom he had translated,) and with Mr. Brooks, and was read and admired by Whittier. I was asked to make the address on the occasion, and in that connection took some pains to seek out the best English translations of some of Freiligrath's characteristic poems. From a considerable collection of English translations made by English, Scotch and Irish writers of note as well as by Mr. Brooks, I selected as best suited to my purpose one which I will read, and, lest my local partiality might mislead me as to the quality of Mr. Brooks' work, I consulted competent critics on the spot, including the family of the German poet himself, and found that they shared my preference. I read, from the published proceedings of the occasion, Mr. Brooks' version of

THE EMIGRANT'S DEPARTURE.

Ye men, that from your necks set down
Your heavy baskets on the earth
Of bread, from German corn baked brown,
By German wives, on German hearth,

And you, with braided tresses neat,
Black Forest maidens, slim and brown,
How careful, on the sloop's green seat,
You set your pails and pitchers down!

REMARKS OF ROBERT S. RANTOUL.

Ah! oft have home's cool, shady tanks
Those pails and pitchers filled for you!
By far Missouri's silent banks
Shall these the scenes of home renew,—

The stone rimmed fount,— the village street,
Where oft ye stooped to chat and draw,—
The hearth,—and each familiar seat,—
The pictured tiles your childhood saw!

Soon, in the far and wooded west,
Shall log-house walls therewith be graced:
Soon many a tired and tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste:

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
Faint with the hot and dusty chase.
No more from German vintage ye
Shall bear them home in leaf-crowned grace!

Oh say! Why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn:
Full of dark flrs the Schwarzwald stands:
In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn!

Ah! In strange forests you will yearn
For the green mountains of your home,—
To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn,—
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam!

How will the form of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by,
Like some old legendary tale,
Before fond memory's moistened eye!

The boatman calls! Go hence in peace!
God bless you,—wife and child and sire!
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each faithful heart's desire!

GENEALOGICAL NOTES RESPECTING HENRY BROOKS
AND SOME OF HIS DESCENDANTS.

COMPILED BY LUKE BROOKS, OF SALEM.

THE earliest ancestor of the members of the family living in Salem is Henry Brooks. His name is on the tax list of Woburn in 1649. He was selectman in 1669, 1671 and 1672. His wife, Susanna, died 15-7-1681. He married, secondly, 12-5-1682, Annis Jaquith. He died 12-2-1683. His estate was left by will to wife Annis and children.

Children of Henry and Susanna Brooks were :

- 2 John,
- 3 Timothy, m. 2-10-1659, Mary, dau. of John Russell.
- 4 Isaac, m. Miriam Daniels Jan. 10, 1665-6; d. Sept. 8, 1686.
- 5 Sarah, m. 13-3-1650, John Mousall.
- 6 Lester.

2 John (*Henry*¹) born ———; married, 1-9-1649, Eunice Mousall, daughter of Dea. John Mousall; she died 1-11-1683. He married, secondly, Mary Cranston, 30-11-1684; she died Aug. 26, 1704. He died Jan. 2, 1691.

Children of John and Eunice Brooks were :

- 7 John, b. Nov. 23, 1650; d. 22-9-1653.
- 8 Sarah, b. Nov. 21, 1652; m. Ephraim Buck.
- 9 Eunice, b. Oct. 10, 1655. m. (1) Carter (2) Parker (3) Kendall + survivors
- 10 Joanna, b. March 22, 1659; m. in 1678, David Roberts.
- 11 John, b. March 1, 1664.
- 12 Ebenezer, b. Dec. 9, 1666; d. Dec. 31, 1686.
- 13 Deborah, b. March 20, 1669.
- 14 Jabez, b. July 17, 1673; d. Jan. 30, 1746, æt. 74 yrs; m. Dec. 18, 1694, Rachel Buck. She d. Feb. 23, 1697.

11 John (*John*,² *Henry*¹) born March 1, 1664, married Mary Richardson of Woburn, 25-12-1683.

Children of John and Mary (Richardson) Brooks were :

- 15 Mary, b. Dec. 14, 1685; d. in 1685.
- 16 John, } b. Dec. 30, 1686; { d. young.
- 17 Ebenezer, } { d. Dec. 31, 1686.
- 18 Mary, b. Apr. 1, 1688; m. May 26, 1712, Thomas Henshaw.
- 19 Sarah, b. Aug. 14, 1692; m. Oct. 18, 1742, Thos. Richardson.
- 20 John, b. Nov. 28, 1694.
- 21 Abigail, b. Aug. 19, 1697; d. Oct. 12, 1697.
- 22 Timothy, b. Feb. 14, 1699; m. Abigail Wyman, Jan. 19, 1725.
- 23 Isaac, b. in 1703; d. Aug. 26, 1719.
- 24 Nathan, b. Nov. 7, 1706; m. in 1726, Sarah Wyman; she d. Feb. 21, 1747. He died Jan. 6, 1751, æt. 45 yrs.

22 Timothy (*John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) born at Woburn, Feb. 14, 1699, married Abigail Wyman, of Woburn, Jan. 19, 1725, and settled at Woburn. He died Oct. 13, 1786, aged eighty-eight years. Abigail, his wife, died March 16, 1780. He married, secondly, Sarah, formerly widow Converse, who died Feb. 22, 1789.

Children of Timothy and Abigail (Wyman) Brooks were :

- 25 Timothy, b. Nov. 3, 1726.
- 26 Abigail, b. Oct. 5, 1729.

25 Timothy (*Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born Nov. 3, 1726, and lived in Woburn. He married Ruth Wyman in 1748. He died

Children of Timothy and Ruth (Wyman) Brooks were :

- 27 John, b. July 19, 1749; d. Apr. 22, 1796.
- 28 Timothy, b. Oct. 24, 1751; d. Sept. 27, 1810.
- 29 Ruth, b. Jan. 13, 1753; d. Sept. 6, 1807.
- 30 Abigail, b. June 18, 1756; d. Jan. 9, 1840.
- 31 Samuel, b. Dec. 21, 1758; d. Nov. 28, 1805.
- 32 Seth, b. March 2, 1760; d. Dec. 2, 1806.
- 33 Thomas, b. March 31, 1767; d. March 20, 1827.
- 34 Asa, b. Aug. 24, 1768; d. Jan. 24, 1825.
- 35 Luke, b. Sept. 23, 1772; d. May 14, 1850.

27 John (*Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born July 19, 1749, at Woburn, where he married Abigail Richardson, daughter of Joshua and Abigail (Carter) Richardson. She was born April 19, 1751, and died May 1, 1831. He moved to Salem, where he died April 22, 1796, leaving no children.

28 Timothy (*Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born at Woburn Oct. 24, 1751. He married Abigail Mason, of Woburn, at Trinity church, Boston, in July, 1776, and settled at Salem where he was engaged in mercantile business during his life. He died at Salem Sept. 27, 1810. His widow died at Salem Jan. 5, 1822, aged sixty-five years.

Children of Timothy and Abigail (Mason) Brooks were :

36 Abigail, b. at Woburn Jan. 3, 1777; d. Sept. 13, 1861.

37 Elizabeth, b. at Salem Oct. 1, 1778; d. April 6, 1853.

38 Mary, b. at Salem Dec. 3, 1780; d. May 17, 1815.

39 Ruth, b. at Salem Oct. 6, 1782; d. Oct. 5, 1804.

40 Martha, b. at Salem Oct. 27, 1784; d. March 28, 1830.

41 Timothy, b. at Salem Oct. 2, 1786; d. March 2, 1862.

42 Samuel, b. at Salem Apr. 19, 1789; d. July 19, 1844.

43 Thomas, b. at Salem May 25, 1791; d. March 11, 1825.

44 William M., b. at Salem Oct. 4, 1793.

45 Charles, } b. at Salem July 18, 1795; { d. June 18, 1867.

46 Charlotte, } { d. Nov. 30, 1867.

47 Luke, b. at Salem Aug. 9, 1797.

48 Caroline, b. at Salem July 18, 1799; d. Sept. 30, 1869.

29 Ruth (*Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born at Woburn, Mass., Jan. 13, 1753. She married Josiah Richardson, of Stoneham, April 11, 1776. They settled in Salem where he engaged in the business of a butcher, during his life. He was the son of Joshua and Abigail (Carter) Richardson, born in Woburn April 8, 1749, and died April 29, 1826. She died Sept. 6, 1807.

Children of Josiah and Ruth (Brooks) Richardson were :

Abigail, b. 1774 ; d. Aug. 14, 1826.
 Josiah, b. ; m. Abigail Bray.
 Susannah, b. m. John Mansfield.
 Ruth, b. ; m. James Woodbury ; d. Sept. 25, 1826.
 Lois, b. ; d. Feb. 18, 1868, aged 84 years ; unmarried.
 Seth, b. ; d. Jan. 9, 1809 ; m. Lydia Williams.

30 Abigail (*Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born at Woburn, Mass., June 18, 1756. She married Asahel Porter, of Woburn, Oct. 13, 1773, who was killed at the battle of Lexington April 19, 1775. He left one child who lived to manhood and died leaving five sons and five daughters. The widow married, in 1782, Ephraim Peirce, of Woburn, and settled in Stoneham. He died May 15, 1810, aged fifty-five years. She died Jan. 9, 1840, at the age of eighty-three years.

Children of Ephraim and Abigail (Porter) Peirce were :

Ephraim, b. Oct. 2, 1783 ; d. Feb. 11, 1845.
 Abigail, b. Jan. 5, 1786 ; d. Dec. 19, 1852.
 Samuel, b. July 6, 1788 ; d. April 24, 1813.
 Elizabeth, b. Aug. 6, 1790.
 Timothy, b. Oct. 2, 1792 ; d. March 9, 1840.
 Mary, b. April 1, 1795 ; d. May 28, 1831.
 William, b. March 8, 1798 ; d. July 3, 1832.

31 Samuel (*Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born at Woburn, Mass., Dec. 21, 1758, and married Elizabeth Gill of Salem, Dec. 22, 1791. They settled in Salem, where he died Nov. 28, 1805. She died May 13, 1811.

Children of Samuel and Elizabeth (Gill) Brooks were :

49 Samuel, b. July 5, 1792.
 50 Eliza, b. Dec., 1794 ; d. Oct. 9, 1813.
 51 Nancy, b. May, 1797 ; d. July 28, 1813.
 52 John Gill, b. May, 1803 ; d. July 8, 1851.
 53 Edward, b. Sept., 1805 ; name changed to John Edwards.

32 Seth (*Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born at Woburn, Mass., March 2, 1760. He settled in Salem, and carried on the business of a blacksmith. He died at Salem, Dec. 2, 1806, unmarried.

33 Thomas (*Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born at Woburn, Mass., March 31, 1767. He married Jan. 29, 1789, Mary Richardson, daughter of Joshua and Abigail (Carter) Richardson; she was born July 21, 1765, and died Aug. 31, 1830. They settled in Salem, where he engaged in the mercantile business. He died March 20, 1827.

Children of Thomas and Mary (Richardson) Brooks were :

54 John, b. May 22, 1789; d. Sept. 22, 1836; m. Harriet, dau. of Thos. Manning, Dec. 17, 1813; she d. Feb. 2, 1835, æt. 43.

55 Harriet, b. Jan. 8, 1792; m. Nov. 25, 1816, Isaac P. Foster, merchant, of Salem, son of Moses and Mary (Fuller) Foster, b. at Milford, N. H., March 5, 1792, d. May 22, 1881.

56 Maria, b. ; m. May 16, 1819, Capt. Samuel Brooks;⁴² d. in 1819.

57 Thomas, b. ; m. Margaret Berry, Nov. 22, 1829.

58 Alfred R., b. Oct. 20, 1805; m. 1st, Feb., 1831, Susan B. Babbidge; 2nd, May 5, 1835, Martha Perkins.

59 Adeline, b. Aug., 1811; d. in Chelsea Nov. 8, 1845.

60 Augustus T., b. at Salem Oct. 9, 1814; m. May 25, 1836, Emmeline Smith.

34 Asa (*Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born at Woburn, Mass., Aug. 24, 1768. He married Ann Gill at Salem, April 25, 1804. He followed the business of a butcher at Salem, where he died Jan'y 24, 1825. His widow died Jan. 17, 1861.

Children of Asa and Ann (Gill) Brooks were :

61 Asa, } b. Jan., 1805; { m. Mary B. Ropes, May 16, 1830.
62 Ann, } d. unmarried.

35 Luke (*Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born at Woburn, Mass., Sept. 23, 1772. He married Mary Hathorne June 3, 1798, and settled in Salem where he was engaged in the business of a grocer a large portion of his life. He died at Salem May 14, 1850. His widow died Oct. 10, 1853.

Children of Luke and Mary (Hathorne) Brooks were :

63 Luke, b. Jan. 15, 1799; d. Oct. 27, 1875.

64 Nathaniel Hathorne, b. Dec. 26, 1802; m. Elizabeth Caroline Carter, dau. of James Carter of Leominster; had issue; d. at Leominster, Feb. 15, 1881.

65 William Hathorne, b. Jan. 5, 1805; grad. at Harv. Univ. in 1827; principal of Eng. High School, Salem, Nov. 1, 1830, to March 24, 1838, when he went to Lancaster and engaged in teaching. He married Sarah Carter, an aunt to his brother's wife. He died Mch. 7, 1877. His wife died Apr. 29, 1884, æt. 84.

36 Abigail (*Timothy*,²⁸ *Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born at Woburn, Mass., Jan. 3, 1777. She married Charles Converse at Salem, Jan. 7, 1795, and died Sept. 13, 1861. He died in 1804 at sea.

Children of Charles and Abigail (Brooks) Converse were :

Elizabeth, b.	; d. March 19, 1867, aged 70 years; unm.
Charles, b.	; d. at sea; unm.

37 Elizabeth (*Timothy*,²⁸ *Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born at Salem, Mass., Oct. 1, 1778. She married William Goodhue, of Salem, Oct. 21, 1810. She was his second wife and had no children. She died April 6, 1853. He died April 22, 1862, at the age of seventy-nine years and six months.

38 Mary (*Timothy*,²⁸ *Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born at Salem, Mass., Dec. 3, 1780. She married Enoch Dow Oct. 6, 1805, and settled in

Salem. He was the son of Richard and Mary (Coffin) Dow, born at Kensington, N. H., Aug. 16, 1780, and died June 12, 1813. She died May 17, 1815.

Children of Enoch and Mary (Brooks) Dow were :

A son, d. in infancy.

Mary, b. Sept. 24, 1807 ; m. Coddington, who died Nov. 29, 1838, and in 1846 she married Caleb F. Page, who died Nov. 6, 1873.

Caroline Abigail, b. 1809, m. Charles Northum.

Lucia Ann, m. Sam'l R. Smith.

Charlotte Elizabeth, b. 1813 ; m. Morehouse ; d. 1860.

39 Ruth (*Timothy*,²⁸ *Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born Oct. 6, 1782, and died, unmarried, Oct. 5, 1804.

40 Martha (*Timothy*,²⁸ *Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born Oct. 27, 1784. She married, Feb. 1, 1807, William Upton, eldest son of Capt. Jeduthan and Mary Upton. He was born June 19, 1784, and died at Londonderry, N. H., Nov. 7, 1809. She died in Salem March 28, 1830.

Children of Jeduthan and Martha (Brooks) Upton were :

Martha, b. May 13, 1808 ; m. Joseph Small in 1827.

Elizabeth B., b. in 1811 ; m. W. Patterson.

41 Timothy (*Timothy*,²⁸ *Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born at Salem, Mass., Oct. 2, 1786. He married Mary King Mason, March 5, 1809, and died March 2, 1862. She died June 3, 1849.

Children of Timothy and Mary (Mason) Brooks were :

66 Elizabeth Mason Rea.

67 Charles Timothy (the subject of this notice).

68 William Hales.

69 Henry Mason.

70 Mary King.

42 Samuel (*Timothy*,²⁸ *Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born April 19, 1789. He married Maria Brooks,⁵⁶ May 16, 1819. He died July 19, 1844. She died March 29, 1864.

Children of Samuel and Maria (Brooks) Brooks were :

- 71 Sarah Maria, ; m. F. Pitman.
- 72 Caroline Augusta, ; m. Nath'l Dike.
- 73 Margaretta Carrol.
- 74 Lucia.
- 75 Samuel Herbert, ; went to war and d. Apr. 6, 1862.

43 Thomas (*Timothy*,²⁸ *Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born May 25, 1791. He married Susan Flint, May 5, 1822, and died at sea March 11, 1825. She died May 15, 1865.

44 William McCobb (*Timothy*,²⁸ *Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born at Salem, Mass., Oct. 4, 1793. He married Eliza Hobart at Edmunds, Me., Oct. 20, 1822, and settled in business at Eastport, Me.

Children of William and Eliza (Hobart) Brooks were :

- 76 Isaac Hobart, b. Aug. 5, 1823.
- 77 Mary Dow, b. Nov. 30, 1825; d. Oct. 22, 1826.
- 78 Abigail Mason, b. Oct. 18, 1827; m. Charles Hudson, of Newburyport, Nov. 1, 1854.
- 79 William Thomas, b. Dec. 4, 1829; m. Elizabeth Morse, May 12, 1853.
- 80 Charles Dow, b. Feb. 6, 1836; m. Dorcas S. Aborn, at Boston, Sept. 16, 1858.
- 81 Ellen Eliza, b. March 24, 1839.

45 Charles (*Timothy*,²⁸ *Timothy*,²⁵ *Timothy*,²² *John*,¹¹ *John*,² *Henry*¹) was born July 18, 1795. He engaged in the dry goods business at Salem, Mass. He moved to Eastport, Me., about the year 1820, where he lived unmarried, and died there June 18, 1867.

46 Charlotte (*Timothy*²⁸, *Timothy*²⁵, *Timothy*²², *John*¹¹, *John*², *Henry*¹) was born July 18, 1795, and continued to live in Salem, unmarried, where she died Nov. 30, 1867.

47 Luke (*Timothy*²⁸, *Timothy*²⁵, *Timothy*²², *John*¹¹, *John*², *Henry*¹) was born Aug. 9, 1797. He went to Eastport, Me., in April, 1819, and married Sarah Leighton Hayden, third daughter of Aaron Hayden of Eastport, March 1, 1827. He moved to Salem, in April, 1832, and engaged in the lumber business with his brother Samuel, who died suddenly July 19, 1844. He engaged in 1843 in the eastern commission business at Boston, residing in Salem. His wife, Sarah, was born at Eastport, April 20, 1808, and died at Salem Feb. 14, 1841. On Oct. 3, 1844, he married Priscilla Webb Seccomb, daughter of Eben Seccomb of Salem. She died May 27, 1883, aged 75 years.

Children of Luke and Sarah (Hayden) Brooks were :

82 Sophia, b. at Eastport, March 28, 1828; d. Aug. 5, 1828.

83 Hannah Caroline, b. at Eastport, Aug. 15, 1831; m. Sept. 11, 1856, Chas. A. Bovey, of St. John, N. B., and settled there. In the autumn of 1869, he moved to Minneapolis.

Children by Priscilla (Seccomb) Brooks were :

84 Sarah Hayden, b. at Salem, Oct. 29, 1845; d. at Conway, N. H., Oct. 18, 1862.

85 Annie Seccomb, b. at Salem, Nov. 19, 1850.

48 Caroline (*Timothy*²⁸, *Timothy*²⁵, *Timothy*²², *John*¹¹, *John*², *Henry*¹) was born July 18, 1799. She married Samuel Stevens, of Eastport, Me., June 29, 1849, and lived in Eastport, where she died Sept. 30, 1869.

